

BY JAMES REED.

Independent in all things.

\$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME IX. NO. XXXVIII.

ASHTABULA, O. SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 13, 1858.

WHOLE NUMBER 461.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Straitly in advance, \$1.50 at the end of six months, \$1.75 at the end of the year, \$2.

ADVERTISING. One square one week \$1.00 Two squares three months \$2.50 One square three months \$2.00 Four squares six months \$5.00 One square six months \$4.00 One square one year \$7.00 One square one year \$6.00 One square one year \$5.00

JOHN PRINTING. Of every description attended to in the most careful manner.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

FARMERS' BANK OF ASHTABULA.

OFFICE HOURS. From 9 A. M. to 12 M. and from 1 to 5 P. M. Exchange on New York half per cent.

Physicians.

FARRINGTON & HALL—Physicians and Surgeons—Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington, N. E. corner of Main and Third streets, Ashtabula, O.

OPRENTISS, M. D.—Monroeville, Huron county, O.

Attorneys.

HALL, KELLOGG & WADE, Attorneys at Law, Ashtabula, Ohio. Particular attention paid to Personal, Real Estate, and Probate Applications.

SHERMAN & FARMER, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Ashtabula, Ohio.

CHARLES BOOTH—Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Ashtabula, Ohio.

W. B. CHAPMAN—Attorney at Law—Justice of the Peace, Commissioner of Deeds for Michigan and Iowa. Office three doors east of the Tremont House, Cincinnati, O.

CHAFFEE & WOODBURY—Attorneys, Ashtabula, Ohio. R. B. WOODBURY.

Hotels.

FISK HOUSE—Ashtabula, Ohio. K. L. FISK, Proprietor. An excellent running and from every part of the State, and from all countries with this house, to convey passengers to any desired point.

AMERICAN HOUSE—John Thompson—Ashtabula, Ohio.

ASHTABULA HOUSE—Robert C. Warmington, Ashtabula, Ohio.

Merchants.

S. BENHAM, Jr., Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, and other articles, and all those articles found in a complete and well supplied country store. New building, second door south of the Fisk House, Ashtabula, Ohio.

EDWARD H. ROBERTS, Dealer in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Ladies' Cloaks, Fur, Shirts, Corsets, Cloves, Linens, Ribbons, Crochets, &c., &c., Fisk's Block, Ashtabula, Ohio.

TYLER & COLLINS, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crochets, Ribbons and Shoes, Hats, Caps, &c., next door south of Ashtabula House, Ashtabula, Ohio.

J. P. ROBERTSON—Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Ribbons, Crochets, Fur, Shirts, Corsets, and every other class of goods, and all those articles found in a First Class Country Store. Country and fair dealing are the motto of this establishment. Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio.

ROOF & MORRISON—Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Ribbons, Crochets, Fur, Shirts, Corsets, and every other class of goods, and all those articles found in a First Class Country Store. Country and fair dealing are the motto of this establishment. Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio.

GEORGE WILLARD—Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Ribbons, Crochets, Fur, Shirts, Corsets, and every other class of goods, and all those articles found in a First Class Country Store. Country and fair dealing are the motto of this establishment. Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio.

J. G. WRIGHT, Dealer in Millinery Goods, Ribbons, Crochets, and Fancy Goods. Next door to the Fisk House, Ashtabula, Ohio.

WELLS & FAULKNER—Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Western Reserve Butter and Cheese, Dried Fruit and Flour, Ashtabula, Ohio. Orders received by express, and all orders promptly filled.

PRENTICE & SMITH, General Grocers and Dealers in Provision, Produce, and so forth, Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio.

Dentistry.

S. R. BECKWITH, Surgical and Mechanical Dentist, Colerick, Ohio.

Watches, Jewelry, etc.

O. A. AMSEN, Jeweler. Repairing of all kinds of Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry. Shop opposite the Fisk House, Ashtabula, Ohio.

A. W. STEELE, Watch and Clock Maker, and Dealer in Jewelry, Silver, and Plated Ware, Ac., Mechanic's Row, Ashtabula, Ohio.

Clothing.

BIGHAM & CO., Wholesale and retail Dealers in Ready Made Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, &c., Ashtabula, Ohio.

J. A. TALCOTT, Dealer in Ready-Made Clothing, Hats, Caps, and Furnishing Goods, of all kinds. Opposite the Farmers' Bank, Ashtabula, Ohio.

Agents.

H. FASSETT, Agent for the Purchase, Sale, and Renting of Real Estate, Loans, on Negotiating Loans, Collection of Debts, Ac. Property sold for Commission only, and at sale on charge. A sale, direct or indirect, includes a commission. Office, corner Main and Third streets, Ashtabula, Ohio. Also, Notary Public.

C. C. DIBBLE, General Collector, and Loan, and Real Estate Agent, East Ashtabula, Ohio.

ALEXANDER GARRETT, Land Agent No. 56 Water street, Cleveland, O. Lands for sale in Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, at \$2.50 per acre, and upwards.

Manufacturers.

GEORGE C. HUBBARD, Manufacturer of Tin, Sheet Iron and Copper Ware, and Dealer in Eastern Crochets, Parting, Box and Roll Regulating, plate iron drives, Iron Furnace, China pump, and all other articles, and all those articles found in a First Class Country Store. Country and fair dealing are the motto of this establishment. Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio.

R. TOWER & SON, Machinists—builders of Stationary and Portable Steam Engines, Saw, and other Mill Work, and Jobbing and Repairing done to order, on short notice, and in a workmanlike manner, south Main st. Ashtabula, Ohio.

C. C. CULLY, Manufacturer of Lath, Siding, and other articles, and all those articles found in a First Class Country Store. Country and fair dealing are the motto of this establishment. Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio.

A. S. ABBOTT, Lumber Dresser, and Manufacturer of all kinds of Lumber, and all those articles found in a First Class Country Store. Country and fair dealing are the motto of this establishment. Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio.

J. B. CROSBY—Iron Founder, and manufacturer of all kinds of Iron, and all those articles found in a First Class Country Store. Country and fair dealing are the motto of this establishment. Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio.

W. W. SMITH—Manufacturer of Sole, Up, and all other articles, and all those articles found in a First Class Country Store. Country and fair dealing are the motto of this establishment. Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio.

Musical.

GEORGE HALL, Dealer in Piano Fortes, and Melodeons, Piano Stoves, Crochets, Ribbons, and every other class of goods, and all those articles found in a First Class Country Store. Country and fair dealing are the motto of this establishment. Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio.

J. E. CHAPMAN, Dealer in Musical Merchandise, Books, Piano Stoves, Toys, and Fancy Articles, at his house and Curiosity shop, 56 door south of the Bank, Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio.

Furniture.

DUCRO & BROTHERS, Manufacturers of a large and complete assortment of Furniture, and all those articles found in a First Class Country Store. Country and fair dealing are the motto of this establishment. Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio.

LINUS S. SAGE, Furniture Dealer and Manufacturer, near establishment, North Main street, near the office of Dr. Farrington & Hall, Ashtabula, Ohio.

Engineering & Land Surveying.

O. B. HOLBROOK—Practical Surveyor, East Ashtabula, Ohio.

Boots and Shoes.

D. PHILLIPS, Boot and Shoe Store, Fisk's Block, Sign of the Big Boot, Ashtabula, Ohio.

Miscellaneous.

SPENCERIAN WRITING—A new sheet—very neat and elegant. Bound in leather, and all those articles found in a First Class Country Store. Country and fair dealing are the motto of this establishment. Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio.

A. RAYMOND—Dealer in Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, &c., and all those articles found in a First Class Country Store. Country and fair dealing are the motto of this establishment. Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio.

W. R. ALLEN—Book Binder—Books and Magazines bound in any style desired. Black books made and colored to order. Jefferson, Ohio.

H. A. MARSH, Successor to H. Howell, Duplicating and Antiquarian Artist. Also, new type-setting, recently patented. Lockets and Miniature Pictures of reasonable prices. Pictures taken on patent leather, if desired. Ashtabula, Ohio.

WILLARD & REEVES—Dealers in Italian and French Goods, Groceries, and all those articles found in a First Class Country Store. Country and fair dealing are the motto of this establishment. Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio.

A. L. THURSTON—Cartman, has taken the establishment of David Cook, and will give his usual services to the public. Office, at the Depot, and about the village. Ashtabula, April 1857.

EMORY LUCE, Dealer in Sweet Potatoes, and other Early Goods and Vegetables. Office in Front of Fruit, Tennessee, &c., East Ashtabula, Ohio.

STANTON & BROTHER—Livery and Sale Stable, in connection with the Fisk House, Ashtabula, Ohio. Also, to and from every part of the State, and from all countries with this house, to convey passengers to any desired point.

LIME—We shall sell Lime at the Harbortown of 1858, at 25 cents per bushel, and at the Depot of 1858, at 30 cents per bushel.

Commission Merchants.

HALL & SEYMOUR, Forwarding and Commission Merchants, and Dealers in Salt, Flour, Fish, Planter, Water Lime, &c., Also, Commission Dealers in Lumber and other goods, and all those articles found in a First Class Country Store. Country and fair dealing are the motto of this establishment. Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio.

Ashtabula P. O. Closing of Mail.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.—The Mail going East will close at 10 o'clock and return at 11 o'clock. The Mail going West will close at 11 o'clock and return at 12 o'clock. The Mail going South will close at 12 o'clock and return at 1 o'clock. The Mail going North will close at 1 o'clock and return at 2 o'clock. The Mail going East will close at 10 o'clock and return at 11 o'clock. The Mail going West will close at 11 o'clock and return at 12 o'clock. The Mail going South will close at 12 o'clock and return at 1 o'clock. The Mail going North will close at 1 o'clock and return at 2 o'clock.

On and after Monday May 10, 1858.

CLEVELAND AND ERIE R. ROAD.

Leaving Ashtabula—GOING EAST.

Day Freight—11 o'clock—leaves at 1 00 P. M. Mail—11 o'clock—leaves at 1 11 A. M. Freight—11 o'clock—leaves at 1 11 A. M. Freight—11 o'clock—leaves at 1 11 A. M.

Leaving Ashtabula—GOING WEST.

Night Express—11 o'clock—leaves at 1 00 P. M. Night Express—11 o'clock—leaves at 1 00 P. M. Night Express—11 o'clock—leaves at 1 00 P. M. Night Express—11 o'clock—leaves at 1 00 P. M.

Chicago Express, East and West, stop at all stations except Ashtabula, where it stops at Ashtabula and Chicago.

Day Express West will stop at Ashtabula, and all other stations, and all those articles found in a First Class Country Store. Country and fair dealing are the motto of this establishment. Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio.

Day Express East will stop at Ashtabula, and all other stations, and all those articles found in a First Class Country Store. Country and fair dealing are the motto of this establishment. Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio.

From the New York Charley?

What is to be done with our Charley?

Yes—that is the question! The fact is, there seems to be no place in heaven above, or earth beneath, exactly safe and suitable, except the bed. While he is asleep, then, our souls have rest—we know where he is and what he is about, and sleep is a gracious state; but when he wakes up bright and early, a begins tooting, pounding, hammering, singing, meddlesome, and asking questions, in short, overturning the peace of society generally for about thirteen hours out of every twenty-four.

Everybody wants to know what to do with him—everybody is quite sure that he can't stay where they are. The cook can't have him in the kitchen, where he infests the pantry to get flour to make paste for his kites, or melt lard in the new sauce-pan. If he goes into the wood-shed, he is sure to pull the wood-pile down upon his head. If he is sent up to the garret, you think for a while that you have settled the problem, till you find what a boundless field for activity is at once opened, and all the pack ages, boxes, barrels, and cast-off rubbish there. Old letters, newspapers, trunks of miscellaneous contents, are all rummaged, and the very reign of chaos and old night is instituted. He sees endless capacities in all, and he is always hammering something or knocking something apart, or saving or planning, or drawing boxes and barrels in all directions to build cities or lay railroad tracks, till everybody's head aches quite down to the very floor, and everybody declares that Charley must be kept out of the garret.

Then you send Charley to school, and hope you are fairly rid of him for a few hours at least. But he comes home noisier and more breezy than ever, having learned of some twenty other Charleys every separate resource for keeping up a commotion that the superabundant vitality of each can originate. He can dance like Jim Smith—he has learned to smuck his lips like Joe Brown—and will Briggs has shown him how to mew like a cat, and he enters the premises with a new war-whop, learned from Tom Evans. He feels large and valorous; he has learned that he is a boy, and has a general impression that he is growing immensely strong and knowing, and despises for life; in fact he is more than ever an interruption in the way of decent folks who want to be quiet.

It is true, that if entertaining persons will devote themselves exclusively to him, reading and telling stories, he may be kept quiet; but then this is discouraging work, for he swallows a story as Rover does a piece of meat, and looks at you for another and another, without the slightest consideration, so that this resource is of short duration, and then the old question comes back, what is to be done with him?

But after all, Charley cannot be wholly shirked, for he is an institution—a solemn and awful fact; and on the answer to the question, what is to be done with him? depends a future.

Many a hard, moose, bitter man has come from a Charley turned off and neglected; many a parental heart-ache has come from a Charley left to run the streets, and m-m-m and sisters might play on the piano and write letters in peace. It is easy to get rid of him; there are fifty ways of doing that. He is a spirit that can be promptly laid, but if not laid right will come back, by-and-by, by a strong man armed, when you cannot send him off at pleasure.

Mamma and sisters had better pay a little tax to Charley now, than a terrible one by-and-by. There is something significant in the old English phrase, with which our Scriptures render us familiar, a MAN-CHILD—a MAN-CHILD. There you have the word

that should make you think more than twice before you answer the question. "What shall we do with Charley?"

To-day he is at your feet; to-day you can make him laugh, you can make him cry, you can persuade, coax, and turn him to your pleasure; in short, you can make his eyes fill and his bosom swell with recitals of good and noble deeds; in short, you can mould him if you will take the trouble.

But look ahead some years, when that little voice shall ring in deep bass tones; when that small foot shall have a man's weight and tramp; when a rough hand shall cover that little, round chin, and all the willful strength of manhood fill out that little form. Then you would give worlds for the key to his heart, to be able to turn that key now he is little, you may search for it carefully, with tears, some other day, and never find it.

Old housekeepers have a proverb, that one hour lost in the morning is never found all day. It has a significance in this case. One thing is to be noticed about Charley, that, rude and busy and noisy as he is, and irksome as carpet rakes and parlor wars are to him, he is still a social little creature, and wants to be where the rest of the household are. A room ever so well adapted for play, cannot charm him at the hour when the family is in reunion; he hears the voices in the parlor and his play-room seems desolate. It may be warmed by a furnace and lighted with gas, but it is human warmth and light he shivers for; he yearns for the companionship of his family, which he so imperfectly comprehends, and he longs to take his playthings down and play by you, and is incessantly promising that of the fifty improper things which he is liable to do in the parlor, he will not commit one if you will let him stay there.

This instinct of the little one is Nature's warning—God's admonition. O, how many a mother who has neglected it, because it was irksome to have the child about, has longed at twenty-five to keep her son by her side, and he would not. Shut out as he is the Arab; constantly told that he is noisy, that he is awkward and meddling, and a plague in general, the boy has found at last his own company in the streets, in the highways and hedges, where he runs till the day comes when the parents want their son, and the sisters their brother, and then they are scared at the face he brings back to them, as he comes all foul and smutty from the companionship to which they have doomed him. Depend upon it, if it is too much trouble to keep your boy in your society, there will be places found for him—warmed and lighted with no friendly fires, where he who finds some mischief still for idle hands to do, will care for him, if you do not. You may put out a tree and it will grow while you sleep, but a son you cannot—you must take trouble for him, either a little now or a great deal by-and-by.

Let him stay with you at least some portion of every day; hear his noise and his ignorant ways. Put aside your book or work to tell him a story, or show him a picture; devise still parlor plays for him, for he gains nothing, by being allowed to spoil the comfort of the whole circle.

A pencil, a sheet of paper, and a few patterns will sometimes keep him quiet by you for an hour while you are talking, or in a corner he may build a block-house, annoying nobody. If he does now and then disturb you, and it costs you more thought and care to regulate him there, balance which is the greatest evil—to be disturbed by him now, or when he is a man.

Of all you can give your Charley, if you are a good man or woman, your presence is the best and safest thing. God never meant him to do without you any more than chickens were meant to grow without being brooded.

Then let him have some place in your house where it shall be no sin to hammer and pound, and make all the litter his heart desires, and let him have the room, weigh well between that safe asylum and one which, if denied, he may make for himself in the street.

Of all devices for Charley which we have, a few shelves which he may dignify with the name of a cabinet, is one of the best. He picks up shells and pebbles and stones, all odds and ends, nothing comes amiss; and if you give him a pair of scissors and a little gum, there is no end of the labels he will paste on, and the hours he may innocently spend sorting and arranging.

A bottle of liquid gum is an invaluable resource for various purposes, nor must you mind though he varnish his nose and fingers and clothes, (which he will do of course) if he does nothing. A cheap paint box, and some engravings to color, is another, and if you will give him some real paint and putty to paint and putty his boats and cars, he is a made man.

All these things make trouble—to be sure they do—but Charley—to make trouble, that is the nature of the institution; you are only to choose between safe and wholesome trouble, and the trouble that comes at last like a whirlwind. God bless the little fellow, and send us all grace to know what to do with him. N. B. S.

Our Children.

BY MRS. P. ROBERTSON.

"Mother taught the little feet bounding through the busy street, Never count the moments lost, Never mind the time it costs, Nor dare the question ask, 'Why to we this weary task!'"

"Mother, mother," said an eager little voice, "won't you tell us a story!" A true story, such as cousin Maggie told Billy and me, when she was here. "Oh! please do mamma," cried another little fellow, "tell us about Moses in the bulrushes, or about Joseph, who was sold by his brothers," and he clasped his hands for joy, in anticipation of the expected tale, and in their eagerness they pressed closely to their gaily dressed young mother. "Go away children," "don't trouble me, you will soil my dress." Was there ever a mother so perplexed by her young ones! But seeing a shadow of disappointment creeping over their young

faces, she half-relucted her apparent harshness, gave each a kiss, and said "I cannot gratify you to-night, some other time." (That neglect of duty, that some other time, that has cost us all so much remorse.) "I am going to Miss C's. Lucy may teach you, how to use your board, and men, that papa brought you, the other day." Quietly and sadly, the disappointed little ones, who had entered their mothers' room, but a moment before, flushed with hope and anticipation, retreated in pursuit of a hireling, who was to take the place of that thoughtless mother, in whose hands God had placed these young immortal minds, to be trained for usefulness here, and fitted for eternity.

Why? did not some good angel whisper to that mother, as she was whirling through the giddy dance that her children were learning lessons, that would have an influence upon their whole future. They were becoming interested in things that would yet prove a curse to both parents and children. Nimble little fingers soon learned to use those painted pieces of wood, dexterously. Those active enquiring minds, as well as busy hands, must have something to do, and eagerly they entered into their new amusement furnished by father, and so must be right. Oh! that we possessed the implicit faith of childhood, in our heavenly parent games of chance, in preference to the true and beautiful tales of sacred history, which their young minds longed to hear explained. Who can tell if that mother had but prized self-denial, but for one evening, and gratified their childish curiosity, but that she might have impressed upon their elastic minds noble sentiments, that would have guided them in a different path through life, and saved her such dreary night watchings, and days of almost hopeless suspense.

There was no more pleading for stories, and she who had the care of them, was commended, because they were so quiet and orderly, and didn't disturb mamma any more "for something to do." That mother never dreaming, there would come a time, she would give all she possessed for this precious opportunity of guiding their young feet, and forming their habits aright.

In that home, where habits of industry and usefulness should have been formed, and their duty to themselves and others learned, was implanted a taste for those exciting games, (all innocent in themselves,) the continued practice of which, has brought so much desolation to many a happy fireside. My brain grows weary, and my pen falters, thinking of the many bright hopes crushed, and prospects blighted by this insatiable love of "games of hazard."

Go with me again to that once happy home. Look at those prematurely old parents, they are bowed with a grief, such as parents only feel for wayward, erring children. Where are now those promising young sons, who should be as staffs and comforters to those fond parents, in their declining years? how they had doted upon them, what plans they had formed for future family aggrandizement. Left in youth to seek amusement from home, (that home that should have been made bright, beautiful and attractive,) chasing their own associates already adepts at play, they soon became familiar with those older, and more hardened in sin, who induced them to go to these accursed places of resort, where vice is presented in its most alluring form. The same old told tale, playing for amusement, then persuaded to risk just a little, then a little more, until all is staked and lost. Madened, by repeated losses, they drink, for the tempter ever stands near with the exciting glass, to take advantage of these poor deluded victims. Step by step, they continued in their downward course, night after night, the wretched father sought, and found them in the low-est dens of infamy, (for their means were too limited now, to visit more fashionable places,) and took them back to that mother, who waited in hopeless anguish. In vain now, society sought to allure her, the mother was roused, and bitterly she repented her past folly, and neglect of duty.

Finally, the eldest, in a fit of desperation wanting wherewith to gratify his passion for play, joined with house-breakers and thieves, but being a novice he was caught, while the older and more hardened villains escaped, with the spoils. And he now languishes in a prison. All that wealth and influence could do, was done, but justice must take its course. The other is a drunkard—a wanderer, and will soon fill a drunkard's grave. And the cry continually goes up from those heartbroken parents, "oh my sons! my sons! I would to God I had died for these!"

Let us take a warning, and endeavor so to instruct, and guide the little ones, entrusted to our care, that when we shall be called to come up hither, we can truly say "Lord, here am I, and the children thou gavest me," and receive the welcome plan-dit "well done, good and faithful servant."

America in Hysterics.

From Punch.

Mr. Punch has great pleasure (at the request of numerous American friends) in devoting a portion of his invaluable space to the immortalizing of a few of the addresses transmitted from the various States to N. York in honor of the Atlantic Cable. He must remark, however, that in magnificence of imagination and affluence of diction, they scarcely equal, and they assuredly do

not transcend, the splendid effusions republished in the Times newspaper, which record the celebration in question.

From the Governor of Connecticut.

I salute ye. The deed is done. A new heart string, forgotten at creation, has been inserted into the world, and henceforth its pulse will keep time to the flapping of the wings of our almighty and inextinguishable eagle. May the blood of freedom course along that giant vein with the rush of Niagara, and sweep away before its mightiness the mouldering carcasses of antiquated hallooing.

From the Governor of Massachusetts.

The golden harp of civilization and progress needed one chord of iron to sustain its sterner harmonies, and it has been added by Cyrus W. Field. May it sound in glory and vigor until the end of time, and flourish twenty minutes later.

From the Governor of Tennessee.

Noble, O thrice noble men! Nobler than Canute, the French tyrant, Cyrus the Great has ordered the sea to obey his behests, and ocean has obeyed him. Xerxes, the haughty Roman, caused fatters to be flung into that Archipelagus in sign of his dominion; but Cyrus W. Field has thrown one fetter across the waste of waters, not for dominion, but for freedom. O noble men, let us liquor!

From the Governor of Missouri.

When the heart would speak in presence of a miracle, the words are feeble; but our souls rush out in song; and we sing to you, brothers, in the strains of our native and inimitable land—

"London, it is very big, America is bigger!"

Do not let us care a fig

Which cuts the better figure,

Send the current to the fob,

The bottle round and the tins,

Nothing in creation, no,

Licks the Atlantic Cable."

From the Governor of Alabama.

Hail Columbia happy land. Now fast linked to England's land. Let us join with heart and hand. Ocean is repeated. To her coral reefs and shelves. Likewise Cyrus Field.

From the Governor of Ohio.

If England has given us no more towards our great American sea triumph, she has given us a thought in the name of her little vessel which waited upon our giant fleet. The Agamemnon's name is a corruption of Memnon, the ancient Hebrew warrior, whose statue, on the plains of Thessaly, sounded out one note when the morning sun shone upon it. So, now when the sun of enlightenment dawns from America upon Occidental darkness, the electric ray flashes from us to the Iberian shore, may the inexpressible slave of feudalism for the first time raise the music note of liberty.

From the Governor of Nebraska.

We salute you. Give old England rope enough, and she will hang herself, but not in despair. No, the aged and effete island ties herself to the apron strings of vigorous young America, and looks to her for support and succor. Shall England look in vain, my brothers!

From the Governor of New Hampshire.

Yankee Doodle used to ride

On a little pony,

Now he talks to 'tother side

In twenty minutes only.

From the Governor of Delaware.

The b'hoys must have their amusements, and so we've tied England to a long string to a strong string, and we'll fly her like an almighty great kite. When we're tired of the sport, and want to be quit of it, we calculate we'll just wind her in, and hang her up on one of the monster trees of our unfathomable forests. Guess we've utilised the tarantula old caution at last; yes, sirree.

From the Governor of Arkansas.

Here we look upon as the real creation of the world, the other was but a sort of rehearsal. Now is given to the eastern inarticulate continents a voice of humanity and intelligence, and they can now whisper their hopes and fears to majestic America, and receive from her lessons of wisdom and greatness. The educational work is confined to us, friends, and we will not slack. Along the awful chasms of the roaring ocean shall fly the teachings of liberty, and Field's wire, like the spear of Uranus, shall touch the squat toad of despotism at the ear of Eve, and the bend, starting up in all his snail's pace of ignominy of ugliness shall be spiked like a bug beetle upon the crystal weapon of Columbia.

From the Governor of Virginia.

"Old Virginia never tire,

But dance on its electric wire,